

of suspen-

gionrale #6

Hearing the word “expansion”
made us think of this small edition

Performance entices me, so I become a sorceress. For magic to occur, this sentence cannot be in any tense but present. Busking in the streets, with a puppet in hand, an instrument, or nothing but my body with me, I realised the ritualism of performance. To be watched and yet be invisible, to bring magic onto the streets, one must be completely present, detached, and light.

Through the words of Hakim Bey: "Is it possible to create a SECRET THEATRE in which both artist & audience have completely disappeared – only to re-appear on another plane, where life & art have become the same thing, the pure giving of gifts?"

After almost a year of travel and the great gift of the halting of time and pure presence, from the streets of Kathmandu to the villages of Laos, I now know that one body is enough to soften the edges of any frame at any time. As my companion raises their flute to their mouth, the trance starts. And through the turnings of my body, my eyes catch the transformation of the world around them. The crowd stops, sounds change, and the street is reborn; the police may call it chaos.

And after, when the music stops, the great moment of nothing comes. 3 seconds, perhaps 5, for the engaged pupils to resize: a chance to re-encounter the body, and re-encounter the mind.

It is the moment between exhalation and the next inhale. It is the "becoming," the sorcery, that links change and revolution to art.

Someone said of moving?

After these days:
I'll start studying Italian and German again.
I will think about doing post doctorate.

It's after those days now:
I have to start studying Italian and German.
I have to remember what is post decorate.
I need to do yoga again.
I have to watch Adventure time: distant lands.
I have to subscribe to work away.
I have to try to call booking.com again.
I should buy an ananas.
Rock climbing gym.
Flirt.

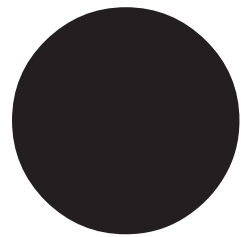
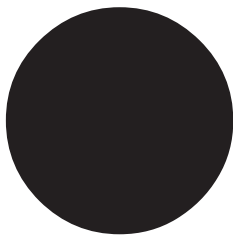
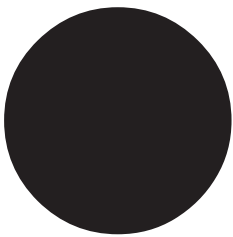
I am coming to Paris (to kill you) by Timber Timbre

I'll read and share some stuff said by Roland Barthes in *Camera Lucida*:

"It can happen that I am observed without knowing it, and again I cannot speak of this experience, since I have determined to be guided by the consciousness of my feelings. But very often (too often, to my taste) I have been photographed and knew it. Now, once I feel myself observed by the lens, everything changes: I constitute myself in the process of "posing," I instantaneously make another body for myself, I transform myself in advance into an image."

"I experience it with the anguish of an uncertain filiation: an image-my image will be generated: will I be born from an antipathetic individual or from a "good sort"?"

"What I want, in short, is that my 'i' (mobile) image, buffeted among a thousand shifting photographs, altering with situation and age, should always coincide with my (profound) "self"; but it is the contrary: that must be said: " -- myself" never coincides with my ---- image; for it is the image which is heavy, motionless, s'hibil~rn (which is why society sustains it) , and "myself" which is light, divided, dispersed; like a bottle-imp, "myself" doesn't hold still, giggling in my jar: if only Photography could give me a neutral, anatomic body, a body which signifies nothing! Alas, I am doomed by (well-meaning) Photography always to have an expression: my body never finds its zero degree, no one can give it to me (perhaps only my mother? For it is not indifference which erases the weight of the image-the Photomat always turns you into a criminal type, wanted by the police-but love, extreme love) ."



Of wasting maybe

gionrale #6 / of suspension

questa fanzine è uno spazio bianco per le tue idee. se ne hai,
mandaci una mail a nientedafarebiella@gmail.com

sion?



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